

ALFRED GAMBLE was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary for life for the murder of Judge Barnett, of Breathitt, but his attorneys took an appeal, and instead of going to the Penitentiary he is now in the quarters to which he belongs. He has with thirteen others of the Breathitt murderers, been lodged in the jail at Louisville. Jason Little has been put in the Penitentiary on a life sentence for the murder of his wife, the troops have returned from Breathitt, and the war for the present, at least, is over. The "bold soldier boys," after their hard campaign of seventy-seven days, were joyfully received by their friends in Frankfort and Louisville and handsomely entertained. Twenty-one indictments for murder were found at the late term of the court, and the cases are set for trial at the regular term, next July.

WASHINGTON'S little hatchet has served to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. This, however, is getting too dusty to ent a figure, and we now utilize his hatchet by making it the appropriate time for the reproduction of gorgeous scenes from the fabled and buried past, charging spectators a small fee for the privilege of admiring, and show our gratitude for the gift of Washington by handing over the net proceeds for religious purposes.

NEWS ITEMS.—Hon. W. J. Davis, Commissioner of Agriculture, has resigned, and Col. Chas. E. Bowman, of Boyle, has been appointed by Governor McCreary to fill the vacancy. Eighteen young doctors were awarded the sheepskin at the Hospital Medical College, Louisville, Wednesday. Blackburn publishes a card declaring that he has indignity in the disgraceful electioneering of the present canvass. He ought to know.

THE rope broke at the hanging of George Washington for the rape of little Frances Otte, at Louisville, last Friday, which necessitated his being strung up the second time. The first fall, however, broke his neck, and notwithstanding he was allowed to hang nearly a half hour, the doctors made strenuous efforts to resuscitate him.

SENATOR HUNTER called Conkling, of New York, a liar while discussing a question before a committee the other day, and the row would have, no doubt, resulted as the Kilkenny cat fight did, had not other Senators interposed.

At the solicitation of Senator Beck the Sub-Committee on Commerce has increased the appropriation for the Kentucky River from \$100,000 to \$300,000. This begins to look more like it, and we trust it will become a law.

FANLEY, who was given the confined Florida seat in the House of Representatives had just twelve days to serve and for them drew mileage and stationery in the amount of \$14,600, just a little over \$1,200 per day.

THE Covington Commonwealth enquires "under what law did the Sheriff of Lincoln qualify at so late a date?" Under the law that it is better to have a Sheriff late than never. The one elected refused to qualify.

HISTORY is about to be relieved of the blot made by the legal murder of Maj. Andro. A monument is to be erected on the place where he was hanged. This will spare matters with the Major.

LAST Monday's instructions ran Blackburn's vote to 363; Underhill to 155, and Jones to 133. Cantrill has 187; Hardin, 349, while Hewitt, Henderson and Marcum lead in the other races.

MRS. GEN. GRANGER'S SUE.

The following from the New York State of the 21st, is so nearly correct in the main features, that I will give it a favor if you will give the same place in your paper. Mr. Shepard is a son-in-law of Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and knowing both sides can be regarded as a competent judge. Respectfully, Yours, etc., BEN LETCHER.

An action has been begun in the Supreme Court for the annulment of the marriage of Capt. Thomas Blair to the widow of Gen. Gordon Granger. Her counsel by Elliott F. Shepard, her husband by Capt. Blair has told him that he will make no opposition to the divorce proceedings, which he considers just and inevitable, and that there will be no difficulty or delay in obtaining a decree of separation from the court. Mrs. Blair, Mr. Shepard says, had only this course to take. When the first whispering of the scandal came out she turned to her husband, expressed her perfect faith in him, and stood by him bravely and unflinchingly until he learned that he had a wife living in Scotland was settled beyond peradventure. Capt. Blair, the lawyer considers a man who was thoughtful and unflinching in the criminally deceitful. Mr. Shepard thinks that he really had doubts of the legality of his marriage to Ann Baile, and in the course of years of separation from her doubts were strengthened, with the becoming father of the thought. He had told Mrs. Granger of his relations with the Glasgow woman, and she had joined the matter over as an indication of the past condoned by time.

Mr. Shepard says that the point regarding his marriage urged against Capt. Blair was unnecessary, and that the other point regarding the forged acceptance of his resignation was sufficient for the court-martial to proceed upon. The question of the legality of the marriage was rightly with in the jurisdiction of the civil courts, and if only the other charge had been taken up by the court-martial, that would have been sufficient to annul Capt. Blair's dismissal from the army, and the question of the marriage could have been settled quietly and the scandal have been avoided. Mr. Shepard says that he made this argument

to the Judge Advocate as soon as he came into the case, and that the latter met with his views, and went on to Washington to try and stop the proceedings on the first charge, but it was then too late. Capt. Blair is still in Fort Columbus, awaiting sentence. His quarters are in the North end of the row of barracks forming the West side of the quadrangle, on one flight of stairs. The door opens from the hallway into a square room that was occupied by a sentry while Capt. Blair was awaiting trial. Another doorway opens into the room with the one occupied by Capt. Blair. Since the close of the trial, the sentry has been taken away, and the prisoner is allowed the freedom of the floor.

Yesterday a grimoire was burned in his room. Books and papers were scattered on the table. Two or three photographic likenesses were on the mantel. He had not been informed of Mrs. Granger's application for the annulment of her marriage with him, though he supposed that if it had not already been it would soon be made. Two days previously to his making the plea of guilty to the specifications contained in the charge against him, he says he wrote her a letter, in which he advised her for her sake not to visit him again, and suggested that she make application for the annulment of the marriage. "Of course," he continued, "I would make no defense. I have but one object now—to do all in my power toward requiring the great wrong I have done to the woman I love better than life itself. If I could place Mrs. Granger back where she was the day her husband died in my arms, I would give my life this moment."

Capt. Blair continued speaking very slowly: "Last December we were in Santa Fe, and one day a telegram came to Mrs. Granger (he did not once allude to her as Mrs. Blair) from Mr. Vanderbilt. It said that trouble was likely to come upon her, or something to that effect. We did not know what it meant; thought that perhaps it referred to some litigation regarding the legacy which Commodore Vanderbilt had left her. The next day a long dispatch came. It said that a woman in Scotland claimed me as her husband, and had forwarded papers through an American consul to substantiate her claim. I was thunderstruck. If a volcano were to burst up through this island I would be less surprised than I was at that moment. I immediately forwarded my resignation to Gen. Pope, in whose division was Mrs. Granger said that this would seem like a confession of guilt, and she telegraphed to Gen. Pope, asking him not to accept the resignation. Then I applied for a leave of absence from my post for thirty days, and it was granted. I intended to go to Washington and defend myself. We were six days going from Santa Fe to the railroad. In consequence of the deep snow, in St. Louis we were snowed out. When we reached Cleveland we were met by Mrs. Granger's brother, Mr. Letcher. I wanted to go from there to Washington with him and send her to New York, but we came to New York. For her sake I thought it best that we should not stop at the same hotel. You will see by my trunk here (going around and pointing to the label) that my luggage was to be sent to a different house. I was intending to go on to Washington almost immediately, but was arrested and brought here. Of course the sentence will be dismissed."

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair slowly shook his head; and then, as though he hardly dared to venture it, replied, "We cannot tell what the future may bring."

LATER.—Capt. Blair has been dismissed from the army. An indictment for bigamy has been found against him in Federal court, and the Governor was telegraphed to send a requisition for him, but he refused to act on telegraphic information, the law requiring a copy of the indictment and a return of the relations between him and the woman.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

The suggestion was made that if Mrs. Granger believed him innocent of the charge of bigamy, she should file a declaration of intent to sue her, a legal decision to the effect that he was not legally married to the Glasgow woman might open the way for the restoration of the relations between him and Mrs. Granger.

Capt. Blair was asked if he desired to make any statement regarding the nature of the ceremony or contract which the Glasgow woman avers as valid marriage. "What would be the use?" he said. "The damage is done. If I could have secured a stay of proceedings, with permission to go to Scotland, I could have proved the worthlessness of that woman's claim. I was a boy then, 21 years old. Her brother went into another parish and caused the same to be published, and—there Capt. Blair stopped, gazed steadily into the bank of burning coals, and then took up the story in another place. "I told Mrs. Granger, before I married her, about this woman and the children. But I didn't mention the possibility of the woman's claiming me as her husband; that was my fatal mistake. I think the woman's motive is revenge, purely. She can not think that I would ever acknowledge her as my wife. I want to go to Scotland and prove that there is no valid marriage contract between that woman and me. This I want to do for Mrs. Granger's sake; then I would be content."

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY. Mr. Vernon. KID GLOVES.—Brinkley has kid gloves in all colors, for 10 cents. CHAP.—Forty pie prints at M. F. Brinkley's at 4 cents per yard. GOOD ADVICE.—To M. F. Brinkley's and see how cheap he sells goods. COUNTRY PRODUCE.—Bought at M. F. Brinkley's, where everything in his line can be bought cheap for cash. Call and learn his price list. BAD WEATHER.—Much complaint is heard from the farmers concerning the bad weather. It is causing them to be late in preparing for their crops. MUCH SICKNESS.—There is much sickness in the community. Colds and malerial complaints are prevalent. We hear of no diseases of a fatal type. THE "CURE-THOU, MINISTERS"—Are giving some splendid entertainments now. "Doggie" picks the strings, while "Crocker" knocks all the "pints out of a dog."

SHERMAN.—Presented our putting in an appearance in this court last week. Your readers, if any, missed our report, must not think we have been dretted in our duty. GONE TO TEXAS.—M. F. Brinkley and J. W. Moore were summoned to Louisville on Monday, to testify before the Grand Jury of the U. S. Court. We guess they can tell them of all the "crookedness" in the county. RETURNED.—George McClure and Jack Adams, Jr., returned from the South last Friday. They disposed of all their mules, and their looks indicate that their trip "big money."

RISE FROM THE ASHES.—Our energetic friend, J. T. Clark, whose dwelling has burned a short time ago, has begun the erection of a new building, and is pushing the work with all possible speed. He intends to have a good house as before. ON THE RACK.—David O. Gibson, W. P. Gibson and Thos. W. Gibson left last week to attend their trial in the United States Court on the charge of procuring fraudulent pension certificates. Up to this writing nothing had been heard from their case. WELL KNOWN.—Mr. R. B. Willard passed through town Monday evening en route home from a trip to Tennessee. He is now on his way to his new home as Deputy U. S. Marshal. The work is too fatiguing. Bruce has made a faithful effort.

SICK, BUT HOPESFUL.—Mr. D. N. Williams, Rockcastle's candidate for Register, has been sick for several weeks. Paul and Garard, two neighbors, have given him the "cold shoulder," but he is not discouraged. He will "still live" at the Convention in Louisville.

CATTLE SALES.—A Mr. Soper, from Lexington, was here last week buying cattle. He obtained about 35 head of good ones. Among the number were two steers, bought from John M. Brown, one of which weighed 1,200 pounds, and the other 1,400 lbs. The price paid was 31 cents per pound.

HARD TIMES.—The extreme scarcity of money in these parts becomes every day more evident. "Hard times," is the complaint which you hear from every one you meet. The situation is almost desperate. The situation is almost desperate. The situation is almost desperate.

PLANT ROOT.—It is said that the plant known as the Virginia snake-root, is now ready for the market. It is now ready for the market. It is now ready for the market.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Is now in excellent working order. The International Lesson papers are used in all the departments. The attendance should be greater than it is. Why so many persons, both old and young, will spend an entire Sunday, in yawning, whittling, gossiping, and other means of killing time, when at least one hour could be pleasantly and profitably passed in the Sunday School, surprises comprehension.

DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO GET USED TO.—It has always seemed to us a little strange why Kentucky can't get up an execution on a civilized plan. There must always be a broken rope or some other needless barbarism, as for instance the Washington sent off last Friday. We thought that a ravisher deserves no consideration, but when you hang a man, you hang it, hang him according to the K. K. K. plan. Have stout ropes.

DEATH.—Mr. Samuel Mesick died at the residence of his relative, Mr. W. B. Holmes, in this city, on last Thursday, the 21st inst., in the 90th year of his age. He had been in poor health for some time, and came to our city on last Monday week, from his new home, in Mercer county, to consult his physician. He was stricken with paralysis after his arrival, and was not able to recover from the shock. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. M. E. Green, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and were brief and appropriate. Mr. Mesick had long been a prominent number and office bearer in this church.—James M. Dye, of this city, died on Tuesday morning. He was a member of Utopia Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of this city, and had an insurance policy in said order for \$2,000.

THE 22ND EXERCISES.—Of the Literary Societies of Centre College were largely attended, and there was every reason for a hearty congratulation at the excellent success of the occasion. The speakers were delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, and the first oration in behalf of the Deaf-Mute Society, was made by Mr. W. Simpson Elkin, of Garrard, on "The Deaf-Mute." The speaker of the Chamberlain Society, was Mr. T. R. Andrews, of Flemingsburg, Ky., who discussed the subject of "Poverty and Genius." James H. Kinnard, of Lancaster, representing the Deaf-Mutes, made a humorous speech on the "Forgiving Atom." In the evening, after the very polite committee, composed of Messrs. Hugh Reid, J. A. Vanant, W. H. Dunlap, F. S. Reid, J. H. Clagett and J. F. Owsley, had seated the large audience, Prof. Hitchcock opened the exercises with prayer. W. R. Wornall, of Chicago, delivered an oration on "Female Heroism." James W. Kennedy, of McAfee, Ky., spoke on the "Measure of Difficulty." J. A. Darnell, of Flemingsburg, closed the exercises with an oration and eloquent address on "Our age and its Possibilities." The hop at the Clarendon House at night, was the source of great pleasure to a large number of beautiful women and gallant men, and was the most successful one ever given in Danville.

MAY THEY BE HAPPY.—Mrs. Brewer, of this place, leaves this week for Lansing, Michigan, where she will again be taken to the bosom of one whom she loved and trusted, years ago. Her husband, Noah Brewer, was once a small merchant in this town, and in 1869 abandoned his wife and little child, suddenly. Nothing had been heard of him until recently, and it was supposed that he had departed this "vale of tears." In the meantime his wife seemed to get along very well without him. Recently, however, Noah began to sigh for his "first love," and opened a correspondence with her, which has resulted in her departure to where he awaits her. We trust their partings are now over.

PERSONAL.—Miss Lillie Vowels, a handsome young lady from New Hope, is visiting the family of her brother, J. E. Vowels. Miss Joel Reid is visiting friends near Level Green. Misses Cella and May Adams left last week for a visit to their uncle T. K. Adams, in Garrard. Mr. D. McGuire, of Goodrich, and Mr. C. Crocker, of Pine Hill, were in town Monday. Willis Adams, Jr., is absent on a visit to Harrodsburg, Lexington and other towns in Central Kentucky. Mr. Joe S. Wright, of Parkville, an agent of Larimer's Marble Works, of Danville, was in town last week. Hon. James O. Carter is confined to his bed by rheumatism, at his home near Broadhead. He has been sick for some time. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery. Our young friend, Jas. W. Brown, was in town last Saturday, and informed us that he has a flourishing shop at Rock Spring. John is a No. 1 instructor. Miss Bettie Slavin, of Pine Hill, has returned from a visit to Garrard. M. J. Miller left on Tuesday's train for Louisville.

PULASKI COUNTY. The ALT BURNETT TROUPE—Will perform at Owens' Opera House next Thursday and Friday nights. THE CLARA WILDMAN TROUPE—Left on Thursday, 20th, after playing here five nights to crowded houses. GONE.—The bankrupt shoe store has been removed to Lexington, after a sojourn of two weeks in our midst. BELONGS.—Rev. McKelroy is holding a protracted meeting at the Presbyterian Church. No additions thus far. MARRIED.—On Tuesday, February 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Tom Elliott and Miss Mollie Dugan.

NEW BUILDING.—Mr. Henry Gibson will soon erect a handsome brick residence on the corner of College street; and as Spring approaches other buildings will be erected in various parts of the town. SOME NOVEL "SEEN"—Are to be seen in front of many of our good stores. The most unique and ethereal is the one suspended across Main street, some seventy-five feet high, representing the hardware firm of Beattie & Sallie.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Frank Beattie has retired from the well-known firm of Beattie & Wait, having sold his share to Mr. B. F. Wait. The new firm is J. & B. F. Wait. Mr. Beattie has long been known as one of our most prominent and honored citizens, and retires from mercantile life with an unimpaired business record.

DEBARRAGE.—Mr. Andy Glasco, who formerly resided in this county but for the last eight years a citizen of Missouri, has been discharged. Mr. Joe Hinkle, aged 30, who lives about five miles North of town, became deranged last week. He was very violent at first, but is better at present. Arrangements are being made to take him to Lexington.

AN UNEXPECTED FRUSTRATION.—While the Sunday School services were in session at a school house on Fishing Creek last Sunday, Mr. Bartholomew Weddle and Miss Cella Shark, who had previously made all necessary arrangements, quietly stole out, mounted their horses and turned their faces toward Tennessee. When the old gentleman was informed of the state of affairs he sent a messenger after them, bidding the enamored youth to come back, get license, and marry "his gal" at home; which timely advice was followed, and the twain have been made one flesh.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. L. Orwas has returned from Jamestown. Mrs. L. H. Hatch started to New York last Tuesday, to be absent several weeks. Judge T. H. Denton has begun the practice of law in our town, after a rest of two years. The Judge is universally acknowledged to be the best read lawyer in the county. He has a class of law students at present, composed of Messrs. W. V. Leppert, J. O. Denton and F. H. Reppert. Miss Annie Gibson, one of Somerset's most charming daughters, is visiting relatives in Richmond. A Mr. Stiles, from New York, is here, desiring to purchase timber land. Mr. Joe Hopper, the well known evangelist, is here awaiting in the meeting.

NOTICE.—Miss Claude, of Boyle county, is visiting at Mr. W. S. Brown's. ANOTHER ONE MADE HAPPY.—It affords us pleasure to extend a cordial welcome to our gifted "step-daughter" in her position again among the regular correspondents in the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

CATTLE.—A gentleman from Clark county, passed through our town a few days since, with a large lot of good mountain cattle, brought by Maj. John Wright, of Fentress county, Tenn., at 2 cents.

FILE.—A two-story frame building situated between Fentress' hotel and the residence of F. M. Sumpter, was destroyed by fire on the 14th. The cause of the disaster, and the absence of wind prevented a disastrous conflagration.

ENTERTAINMENT.—A grand supper and musical entertainment will be given at the Court-house on the evening of the 4th proximo, by the ladies of the town. Proceeds to be used for finishing repairs on the Union Church building.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—Have been issued since last report to the following couples: Mr. M. J. Foster and Matilda Gosage; Lewis S. Wilson and Martha Hollister; E. L. Little and Mary F. Neal; George A. Brown and Lucy Gilbert; Eliza Bell and Marjorie J. Denny; John F. Foster and Anna Davis.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.—A critic in the Courier-Journal in commenting on an expression of ours in a late communication to the INTERIOR JOURNAL "That a tabula burdened with good things fairly groaned," suggested that we use, in future, instead of the common-place word, groaned, some one of the following, to-wit: Yelled, roared, shrieked, howled, bellowed, or anything else, and I will give you thanks for them to their full value.

DEATH.—Ired, at his residence, in this county, on the 19th inst., after a lingering illness, was taken by a year's duration, Mr. Richard Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey was one of our most substantial citizens, and for many years a prominent member of the Regular Baptist Church. Also on the same day as above, Jimmie, infant son of James Duncan, Esq., at pneumonia.

PERSONAL.—Miss Lillie Vowels, a handsome young lady from New Hope, is visiting the family of her brother, J. E. Vowels. Miss Joel Reid is visiting friends near Level Green. Misses Cella and May Adams left last week for a visit to their uncle T. K. Adams, in Garrard. Mr. D. McGuire, of Goodrich, and Mr. C. Crocker, of Pine Hill, were in town Monday. Willis Adams, Jr., is absent on a visit to Harrodsburg, Lexington and other towns in Central Kentucky. Mr. Joe S. Wright, of Parkville, an agent of Larimer's Marble Works, of Danville, was in town last week. Hon. James O. Carter is confined to his bed by rheumatism, at his home near Broadhead. He has been sick for some time. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery. Our young friend, Jas. W. Brown, was in town last Saturday, and informed us that he has a flourishing shop at Rock Spring. John is a No. 1 instructor. Miss Bettie Slavin, of Pine Hill, has returned from a visit to Garrard. M. J. Miller left on Tuesday's train for Louisville.

PULASKI COUNTY. The ALT BURNETT TROUPE—Will perform at Owens' Opera House next Thursday and Friday nights. THE CLARA WILDMAN TROUPE—Left on Thursday, 20th, after playing here five nights to crowded houses. GONE.—The bankrupt shoe store has been removed to Lexington, after a sojourn of two weeks in our midst. BELONGS.—Rev. McKelroy is holding a protracted meeting at the Presbyterian Church. No additions thus far. MARRIED.—On Tuesday, February 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Tom Elliott and Miss Mollie Dugan.

NEW BUILDING.—Mr. Henry Gibson will soon erect a handsome brick residence on the corner of College street; and as Spring approaches other buildings will be erected in various parts of the town. SOME NOVEL "SEEN"—Are to be seen in front of many of our good stores. The most unique and ethereal is the one suspended across Main street, some seventy-five feet high, representing the hardware firm of Beattie & Sallie.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Frank Beattie has retired from the well-known firm of Beattie & Wait, having sold his share to Mr. B. F. Wait. The new firm is J. & B. F. Wait. Mr. Beattie has long been known as one of our most prominent and honored citizens, and retires from mercantile life with an unimpaired business record.

DEBARRAGE.—Mr. Andy Glasco, who formerly resided in this county but for the last eight years a citizen of Missouri, has been discharged. Mr. Joe Hinkle, aged 30, who lives about five miles North of town, became deranged last week. He was very violent at first, but is better at present. Arrangements are being made to take him to Lexington.

AN UNEXPECTED FRUSTRATION.—While the Sunday School services were in session at a school house on Fishing Creek last Sunday, Mr. Bartholomew Weddle and Miss Cella Shark, who had previously made all necessary arrangements, quietly stole out, mounted their horses and turned their faces toward Tennessee. When the old gentleman was informed of the state of affairs he sent a messenger after them, bidding the enamored youth to come back, get license, and marry "his gal" at home; which timely advice was followed, and the twain have been made one flesh.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. L. Orwas has returned from Jamestown. Mrs. L. H. Hatch started to New York last Tuesday, to be absent several weeks. Judge T. H. Denton has begun the practice of law in our town, after a rest of two years. The Judge is universally acknowledged to be the best read lawyer in the county. He has a class of law students at present, composed of Messrs. W. V. Leppert, J. O. Denton and F. H

It was probably the most desperate case of love that was ever known since the first man and the first woman met. Mr. Julius Crapsey was his name and Miss Julia McGonimel was her's. Mr. Crapsey was the cashier of a Loan Association in this city, and Miss McGonimel was the daughter of a rich and prosperous grocer who by selling liquor and articles of that nature had waxed wonderfully well-to-do. The course of their true love had run exceedingly smooth. In fact it was so commonplace in its way that there was not enough in it for a romance. Mr. McGonimel was entirely satisfied with Mr. Crapsey, and Mr. Crapsey admired Mr. McGonimel with all the fervor which an estate of \$200,000 is entitled to. And his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters likewise, all favored the match and were anxious to have the nuptials celebrated as soon as possible, that they might quickly get upon a comfortable borrowing and adorning basis with the rich McGonimel. The most vivid writer of romance could not get a particle of sensation out of it, it was so entirely satisfactory to every body concerned.

The wedding was to have taken place the first of this month. Miss Julia had her dresses from Paris; that is, her maiden friends to whom she showed them all were informed they were from Paris, though every article in the trousseau, from the dress with orange flowers to the last pair of silk stockings, happened to be charged to her pa from up-town establishments in New York, and the wedding gifts had been laid in in wild profusion. It was intended to be, and doubtless would have been, one of the most notable affairs of the season.

A very large pile was thrown in to the quiet stream of their love on the morning of the 1st. Miss Julia was already dressing for the approaching ceremony, and was in raptures over the fit of a dress she had tried on, which was so elegant that she remarked in her maid and to her admiring friends, that she felt, as she stood in it, that she had been born again. She was before a pier glass when a note was handed her. She opened it and read:

"STURTEVANT HOUSE, 9 A. M.
"MY DARLING: Be calm and collected. You will never see me more. I sail today for Europe. Cause—defalcation in the sum of \$50,000. Lost in Wall Street. Discovery inevitable. Will be arrested to-day. I will not involve you in my wretched fate. Farewell forever. Well one more word of you, and be happy. Your wretched JULIUS."

Miss Julia was a peculiar woman. She knew that the entire Crapsey family couldn't make up so large a sum as \$50,000, and also that the moment her father heard of the affair he would no more allow her to marry him than he would a convicted burglar. The old gentleman had some old fashioned notions.

Her line of action was very promptly taken. She laid off the gorgeous garments in which she was arrayed, or partly arrayed, and resumed quickly her ordinary street dress. Then calling the carriage, she drove rapidly to the Sturtevant House, where she found the wretched young man pacing a room in great agony.

"Julius!"
"Julius, how much have you left of the \$50,000?"

"Julius, I can not tell a lie. It's all gone but a beggarly \$20,000. Fool that I am, it is all gone but that."

"We can not live upon that, even in the cheapest German village, in the most quiet way. I hoped you had more of your earnings."

"We live on that! Do you then still cling to a miserable wretch like me?"

"Julius, true love, such as mine, can't be put out by so small a matter as a \$50,000 defalcation. I cling to you! I'll death or a divorce do us part. But we have no time to lose. When does the ship sail?"

"At noon to-day."

"We can't take it, for we have no time. But listen. Do you know my father's signature?"

"As well as I know my own."

"I thought so. Here, I have a blank check on his bank. Fill it up for \$20,000. That makes \$40,000. My ma's jewelry and my sister Jane's are worth at least \$10,000 more, and I can crib my brother Tom's diamonds if they are not spotted. I will have the check cashed, and you take it and get out on the first train. You go by the Central to Chicago, and I will follow with the jewelry and such other things as I can find lying around loose, by the Pennsylvania. I will meet you in Chicago. If we are not tracked we will go to California, and then to Australia, where we will live in peace and found a new family, far from the failures of this country. If we are discovered in Chicago, it won't make any difference. The people of that city will never let any one be taken out of its borders who has

\$50,000. We will provide against that by asserting that we want to invest it all in real estate."

It is unnecessary to continue this horrible recital. Suffice it to say that the programme suggested by this determined young woman was carried out to the letter. Miss Julia got the check cashed. The jewelry of Julia's mother and sister Jane, as well as the diamonds of her brother Tom, and every thing he had of a valuable nature, were taken, and the two got away comfortably to Chicago, and are now securely hidden in some village in one of the Territories. The old gentleman did not claim the check to be a forgery, for he took in the situation, and, as the Loan Company failed a few days later, the matter of Julius will probably never be prosecuted.

But they will not be happy. True happiness is found only in the strictest virtue; and certainly defalcating and forging checks, and running away with a mother's and sister's jewelry, or one that will pass as virtuous in any sense,—[Cor. N. Y. Evening Mail.

The New Schoolmaster.
Harry Floty was a university man, who had been some time in Nevada, and having had bad luck, couldn't do better than to leave digging and take to school teaching. He was pale, slender, and scholarly looking, and the President of the Board of Trustees said to him, sorrowfully, as he brushed a tear:

"Mister, you may be book learned, but it takes more than that for a teacher in the Cranberry Gulch school, you will find. The last teacher sleeps in yonder graveyard; the one before him left an eye and one arm to show his incapacity; the one before was found hanged by the eels when he found his body, and the three before him run away with only about four eyes and six legs between them. Our boys are rough and don't stand up nonsense."

"Let me try," replied Harry, mildly. "I'm weak, but I have a will. I'll open next Monday at 9 A. M."

At eight Harry went down to the school-house, with the key in one hand and a valise in the other.

Sixty scholars were loafing around in a good big crowd to see what would turn up, while the undertaker stood near, waiting for a job.

"Ready to drop if he finds we are too much for him," whispered the big, bowlegged, cross-eyed bully of the school, a devilish looking chap, nineteen years old.

The new teacher gazed pensively at the adjacent graveyard, opened the valise, took out three navy sizes and a long bowie knife, whittled the latter on the leg of his boot, cocked one of the former, and then said sweetly:

"Killing the hell and we'll have prayers."

The big bully whom he addressed, mildly obeyed.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, mildly, as he cocked a revolver and walked down the room.

One after another the boys were examined and classed. He called the first class to recite in geography; a whisper was heard behind him. Quick as lightning the teacher wheeled and covered the offender with a deadly aim, as he spoke sternly for the first time:

"Don't do that again, for I never give a second warning."

Recess then came, and the boys, very much cowed, went out on the playground.

One of them threw his ball in the air, and before it started to descend toward the catcher, the new teacher struck it with a bullet, and from that time Harry Floty has kept school undisturbed.—[Argonaut.

The Honest Farmer.
"No," the honest farmer remarked, in terms of the deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only thirty cents. Every body and every thing's dead set again the farmer. Corn only thirty cents! My folks, it's a living, cold blooded swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raising corn at such a price as this. It's ruin, low robbery."

Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he intended, that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter. The price nearly knocked him down.

"What!" he yelled, "thirty cents for corn! Land alive—thirty cents! Why, I don't want to buy your farm—I only want to buy some corn! Thirty cents for corn! Why I believe there's no body left in the world but a set of grasping, blood sucking old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to buy a national bank with one corn crop. Thirty cents for corn! Well, I'll let my cattle and horses run on corn—talks all winter before I'll pay such a price for corn as that. Why, the country's flooded with corn, and thirty cents a bushel is a blamed robbery, and I don't see how any man can have the face to ask such a price."

Two little children went to church alone in Westfield, Mass. They came tired during the long sermon, and the older one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led his sister up in front of the preacher, and said: "Please, sir, may we go home?" He said "Yes," and they soberly walked out.—[Boston Post.

Night work on Morning Newspapers.
Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage, in his picture of the "Night Side of New York," thus discourses on the night work in newspaper offices:

"We went in. We went up from editorial rooms to typesetters and proofreaders' lots. These are the families where the great thunderbolts of public opinion are forged. How pens scratched! How the types clicked! How the scissors cut! How the wheels turned, all the world's news rolling over the cylinder-like Nirgara at Table Rock. Great torrents of opinion, of crimes, of accidents, of destroyed reputations, of avenged character. Who can estimate the nightness of good or evil of a daily newspaper? Fingers of steel picking off the end of telegraphic wire facts of religion and philosophy and science, and information from the four winds of heaven! In 1850, the Associated Press began to pay 200,000 dollars a year for news, some of the individual sheets paying 50,000 dollars extra for despatches. Some of them, independent of the Associated Press, with a wire rake gathering up sheaves of news from all the great harvest fields of the world. It is high time that good men understood that the printing press is the mightiest engine of all the centuries. The high-water mark of the printer's type case shows the ebb or flow of the great oceanic tides of civilization or Christianity. Just think of it! In 1835, all the daily newspapers of New York issued but 10,000 copies. Now there are 600,000, and taking the ordinary calculation that five people read each paper, two million five hundred thousand people read the daily newspapers of New York! Nothing more impressed me in the night exploration than the power of the Press. But it was carried on with, oh! what aching eyes, what exhaustion of health! I did not find more than one man out of ten who had any thing like brassy health in the great newspaper establishments of New York. Do not begrudge the three or five cents you give for the newspaper. You buy not only intelligence with that, but you help pay for sleepless nights, and smarting eyeballs, and racked brain, and early sepulchre."

Hint to those Calling upon the Sick.
1. Only call at the door, unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm.
2. Enter and leave the house, and move about the room quietly.
3. Carry a cheerful face; and speak cheerful words.
4. In order to cheer, you need tell no lies.
5. If your friend is very sick, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.
6. Don't ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk.
7. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.
8. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.
9. If possible, carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or even a picture which you can look for a few days.
10. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed.
11. The perfume of some flowers is poisonous, and they should never be carried into the sick room. Especially is this true of the tuberose, oleander, heliotrope, hyacinth, orange and lilac, syringa and lilies.
12. Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can do some help.

A Hog's Presentation.
Four days ago, when one of the many squads of hogs had been driven up the inclined plane at King's park house to rest a moment on a platform while the killer was dispatching them one at a time, one of the swine, seeming cognizant of the fate awaiting him, gave a squeal of terror and nerved by desperate fear, jumped out of the pen to the floor beneath, a distance of thirty feet, alighting apparently unhurt. This was singular. What follows argues a reason almost human. The hog, still quaking with terror, then ran along the slippery floor, a distance of seventy-five feet or more, and jumped through a window into the river, making in his second fall a descent of forty feet. Again he was apparently unhurt, and struck out swimming bravely for the other side of the stream, which he reached nearly exhausted. The swine had certainly earned his liberty, and a number of spectators who had seen his efforts crowned with success, were congratulating themselves that he had saved his bacon, when a practical employee of the park house, without an atom of poetry or pity in his composition, appeared with a musket and turned the animal into pickled pork in a twinkling.

RATHER HIGH.—"They tell me Leadville is pretty high up," remarked a Denverite to a visitor from the carbonate fields. "High up?" ejaculated the other, "well I should say. The air is so thin that you've got to fan it to a corner to get a square breath. Why, I live sorter in a valley, but nearly a time when I went home at night I had to push a cloud from the front door to get in."—[Denver Tribune.

A Good Husband.
There was an amiable man in this world. He was a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that a new man occupied his place in the chimney corner. Did he go to work slaughtering his false wife and her husband? Not much. He walked in and said:
"Well, old gal, how low's things?"
"Pretty good, Bill," said the doubly married woman, not taken aback.
"Which do you prefer, the old or the new life?"
She hesitated an instant, and then said:
"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—"
"Oh, spit it right out. Don't mind my feelings, nor the other fellow's. I won't be angry if you come down a little bit hard on my vanity. Count on my being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."
"I'm glad you are so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best! But if anything should happen to him, I know of no one I would sooner join fortunes with again than you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good-by, hoping that no accident may happen to the other fellow, and that he may live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled off with his knapsack on his back, in cheery, clear tones, whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The World says that a letter was dropped into the New York postoffice the other day addressed to "Lottie—Heaven's Gate, Heaven." At the lower left hand corner was written, "Send this by an angel." It commenced, "On earth, February 5th, 1879. My dearest Lottie, and after telling her how, since her departure, the writer has been a 'downcast and melancholy wanderer upon the once beautiful earth.' It proceeded: "Perhaps, dearest Lottie, my timidity and bashfulness precluded me from revealing to you the secrets of a yearning heart; but my actions must have convinced you that I loved you. But alas! it is too late now to relate to you all. The sweet verses that I transmitted to you were but the effusions of my heart. At last in one mad hour I dared to pour the thoughts that burst their channels into songs and sent them to thee. * * * Hoping and trusting to meet you in heaven I am your interested husband in death, A. P. S. S. Guide my footsteps in the path of righteousness." As the letter bore only a two-cent stamp, the unfeeling postoffice people held it for insufficient postage.—[Courier-Journal.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so; but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, Madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, Madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, Madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined, put the woman into a good humor.

Whatever renders the blood impure tends to originate consumption. Whatever makes the air impure makes the blood impure. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And as, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean, so if the air we breathe is impure, it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood.

Our Tenure of Life.
Depends in great measure upon regard for the laws of health. If we violate them we cannot expect to "make old bones." But the question of endurance relates to a naturally delicate constitution, or one which has been shaken by disease, may be made to bear, in a fact of which we have daily proof. The vivifying and restorative influence of Hoffer's Bismuth Balm is a failing phylactery affording a striking illustration of the power of judicious medicine. With a circulation enervated, a brain languid, and a nervous system tranquilized, the invalid, after a course of Bitters, feels that his life-time is no longer the precarious thing that it was—that he may yet enjoy a "green and aged."

Markets.
The retail prices for provisions, as per following table:
Stamford.
Beef, shoulders—55¢
Beef, round—50¢
Pork, ham—50¢
Pork, belly—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50¢
Pork, ears—50¢
Pork, snouts—50¢
Pork, hocks—50¢
Pork, loins—50¢
Pork, legs—50¢
Pork, shoulders—50¢
Pork, hams—50¢
Pork, bellies—50¢
Pork, chops—50¢
Pork, ribs—50¢
Pork, sausage—50¢
Pork, lard—50¢
Pork, tallow—50¢
Pork, suet—50¢
Pork, fat—50¢
Pork, oil—50¢
Pork, grease—50¢
Pork, skin—50¢
Pork, bones—50¢
Pork, heads—50¢
Pork, feet—50¢
Pork, tails—50